

Good Morning 548

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

QUICK FREEZING MAKES TIME STAND STILL

Quick-freezing refrigeration means strawberries in mid-winter, fish, vegetables and all foods "out of season," with no bottling, salting or canning—a housewives dream come true, says T. S. DOUGLAS

VERY soon after we return to peace-time conditions you will be able to walk into your grocer's shop in mid-winter and ask for a pound of strawberries. He will hand them to you, not in a tin, but in a packet which will look like



THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING for A.B. Mike Stafford

THERE'S a great welcome waiting for Able Seaman Mike Stafford when he next manages to swing off the train at Newcastle Central Station—particularly if he times his arrival for New Year's Eve.

Your folks really appreciate the way these boys take an interest in what you're doing, and I'm sure you will be equally delighted.

Just a little postscript, in case you're interested. The

garden produce is fine and dandy, and will guarantee you plenty of green vegetables—just in case things are a little difficult to obtain when you finally sight the Canny Toon once more.

Reason—Mike is the only one of the family left (save Dad), who can really let the New Year in. And as Dad has done this job so many times before, he thinks it's time Mike had a hand in the ushering in of good luck for the coming year.

All being well, there'll be a family reunion—with sister Dorothy representing the A.T.S., Mike putting in a good word for the undersea department of the Silent Service, and Pop and Mum just letting everybody see that those on the home front have done a good job in this war.

There'll be plenty to eat and drink, too, Mike. Mother is scraping and saving out of the weekly ration in order that you shall have a leave worthy of you, and judging by the good smells that wafted in from the kitchen when "Good Morning" cameraman, Alan Haughton, and I, called at 61, Brampton Avenue, Walker-on-Tyne, there'll be plenty of tasty tidbits on the table.

By the way, Dad still keeps that old pipe that he raves about and swears that his baccy tastes better when he uses that one. As for Mother's opinion—well, she just smiled and neither agreed nor disagreed with his opinion.

Tommy Richardson and the boys pay a visit to your home about once a week—to find out whether you have sent any exciting news back home.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Home Town News

SOME fellows have all the luck. Take, for example, Staff-Sergeant Charles Bridle, of the R.E.M.E., whose home is in Bryanston-road, Bitterne, Southampton.

While in North Africa with the Eighth Army he met Miss Dorothy Squires, of Margaret-street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs., who was serving with a Salvation Army mobile canteen attached to his division.

They fell in love and when the division went to Italy, Dorothy and her canteen went with it. It was a happy omen; Cupid was on their side. "Let's get married," suggested Charles. And they did.

The wedding took place in a room of a shell-torn farmhouse not far from the front line. An Army padre performed the ceremony and the booming guns in nearby fields were the "wedding bells."

The wedding breakfast consisted of local wines, cakes and rolls made by Army cooks, and a goose, bartered for a tin of beef.

There was a honeymoon, too—just a two-day affair, spent in a shell-shattered village behind the line.

Bride and groom are now back on duty, but they still see each other every day. "I must be the only soldier actually having his wife with him at the front," writes Sgt. Bridle in a letter home.

It's a lively war—for some chaps. What do you say, submariners?

COUPONS FOR CASSOCKS. The cassocks of chorists of Christchurch Priory, famous Hampshire Church, were threadbare and in places, positively ragged.

How to reft the choir with new cassocks was a real problem for the vicar, Canon W. H. Gay. It was

a question not of cash but of coupons.

The vicar issued an appeal to members of his flock for gifts of clothing coupons.

The response was prompt and surprising.

He received no fewer than 143 coupons—most of them from spinsters, widows and bachelors. An elderly nurse sent him 23.

The vicar's problem was solved—and the choir are quite prepared to sing an anthem of thanksgiving.

TWINS H.Q. COMEDY.

Geoffrey and Stanley Mason, 20-year-old sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason, of Darwin-road, Eastleigh, worked together as sawyers, joined up in the Royal Marines on the same day, and are now serving together in Algiers—much to the confusion of their comrades and other people.

The other day, Stanley was guarding the door of a senior naval officer's room on the first floor of a certain H.Q. in Algiers. As an officer left the room Stanley saluted him smartly.

Downstairs, the officer received an equally smart salute from Stanley's twin brother, Geoffrey, who was on guard there.

A few minutes later an officer of the Royal Marines received a telephone call. "There's only one Marine on guard at your H.Q. and he's wandering all over the building," he was told.

Investigation showed that neither of the twins had left his post, but they looked so much alike that the complaining officer's mistake was understandable.

THEY CAME QUIETLY.

Introducing P.C. Leonard Strong—embodiment of the strong arm of the law—

a lump of red ice. But in a few hours the 'ice' will have been replaced by strawberries, uncooked, and with all the flavour they had when first picked.

The secret is "quick-freezing," a development of refrigeration which had begun before the war but has recently made great strides. The example of the strawberries is of a "luxury," and certainly quick freezing will be used to make vegetables and fruits more available in their "off-seasons." But it will also be used greatly for evening-out the supply of all perishable foods throughout the year.

Since man first began to be civilised, one of his problems has been to eke out his supply of perishable foods through the cold season. Smoking, salting, canning, and now refrigeration, have increased his control over his food. What these processes do, in fact, is to "make time stand still."

In refrigeration the temperature is lowered to a point where the bacteria causing decay become completely inactive. They are not destroyed, as in canning, but they just stop growing. As soon as the temperature is increased again they continue from where they left off.

Theoretically, it should be possible to refrigerate anything so that it will be preserved for ever. In practice that is not possible, as any housewife who has tried to keep tomatoes or bananas in her refrigerator knows. The trouble was that minute crystals of ice formed in the cells of the food, tearing open their walls and destroying them.

Now, the technique of quick freezing, in which a very low temperature is reached in a matter of seconds, prevents the formation of these harmful crystals, and fruits and fish and vegetables have been kept six and nine months. When they are thawed out they are as fresh as when they went in. The technique has made possible some remarkable developments. For instance, tomatoes can be frozen while green. When taken out they are thawed and then ripened!

Florists are using quick-freezing to produce exotic flowers off-season without the aid of expensive hot-houses. The stems of the flowers in bud are waxed, the buds are tied, and they are frozen. Any time up to a year later they can be taken out, thawed, and allowed to bloom. For the flower-buds time has just stood still.

Applied to flowers grown from bulbs, it enables them to be grown to flower at any time of the year. The bulbs are simply frozen at the stage when they are beginning new growth. They

who has just retired from the Southampton Police Force after 25 years' service.

Boxing champion of the Force and a former heavyweight champion of All-India—while serving in the Royal Artillery shortly before the outbreak of the last war—Constable Strong was the Force's "rough-house" expert.

He once tackled three obstreperous soldiers who were causing trouble "down town" and took all three of them to police headquarters, single-handed one under each arm and holding the other by the scruff of the neck.

P.C. Strong was the "terror" of hooligans and trouble-makers in Southampton's toughest quarters, and these gentry will rejoice in his retirement from the ranks of the men in blue.

are held frozen at this stage—until the desired time when they are thawed and planted. They begin to grow as if it were spring.

These methods are impossible, of course, with the ordinary refrigerator. Strawberries would simply be a sticky mass after a month, and bulbs would be killed.

But in a few years it is expected that many refrigerators will have large "quick-freezing" sections. Here the housewife will during the summer be able to store her surplus vegetables and fruit without all the bother of bottling, salting or canning.

The problem of the average amateur gardener is generally a glut in two or three months of the year, a sufficiency in another three months, and a shortage in the other six. The quick-freezing refrigerator will enable him to even out his supplies.

Certainly there will be very large commercial quick-freezing storage buildings. The cost of storage has been estimated at a penny a pound a year for any food, an almost negligible amount. Not only fruit and vegetables, but also fish, meat and eggs can be stored. Eggs eaten eighteen months after being quick-frozen tasted just like fresh, certainly better than those preserved in the ordinary way.

Large-scale use of quick-freezing would, therefore, result in a revolution in the egg industry, for poultry-breeders have endeavoured above all to get "early" and "late" layers. With quick-freezing it would not matter when a bird laid

so long as it reached a good yearly figure.

The full development should be of great value to the world meat trade, and its use by the fishing industry will result in much quality fish reaching the shops in towns far removed from ports.

The fish would be quick-frozen immediately after being caught. Then for them time would stand still until they reached the fishmonger's slab, when they would be allowed to thaw out. Their state would then be exactly the same as when they were pulled from the sea.

Research has shown that not only the flavour but also the vitamin and mineral contents of quick-frozen foods remain unimpaired.

Perhaps the strangest use of cold to make time stand still is that suggested by Professor M. Sumgin, the Russian scientist. He proposes to use Russia's natural refrigerator—the great frozen crust of earth in parts of Siberia—to preserve specimens of all the articles used by modern civilisation for 10,000 years.

Using a chamber dug deep in the earth or a natural cavern, he would fill it with specimens of the races of man, books, clothing, and so on. Ten thousand years hence they would be absolutely unchanged.

Bodies and household articles accidentally buried in these parts more than a thousand years ago have been excavated absolutely unchanged. It was as if the clock was stopped and all the normal processes of deterioration and decay prevented. Neither chemical nor bacterial action can take place.

She stopped her job to send this message—and so did Toots.



TWO SMILES for C.P.O. Charles Hammerton

WHEN a "Good Morning" representative called to see your wife, C.P.O. Charles Hammerton, at 72 Cambridge Street, Victoria, he was told she could be found only at the Strand Corner House, so there he called at the first available opportunity.

Mrs. Hammerton looked very fit and cheery and "Good Morning" was fortunate in getting permission to take a photograph for you, with your friend Toots included.

Tom and Christine are still going strong at the "King Charles," and sister Winnie is still there working for Tom. Fred writes to say he is O.K. out East.

Will is getting along well at the Admiralty; he goes in to a fellow wish for himself?

representative called to see your wife, C.P.O. Charles Hammerton, at 72 Cambridge Street, Victoria, he was told she could be found only at the Strand Corner House, so there he called at the first available opportunity.

Toots is asking after you and sends her love and says she hopes to see you soon. Peggy at the house opposite is still reserving a drop of something special for you. Sounds intriguing!

Your wife says she hopes you are not going to forget that Persian lamb coat you promised! She wanted to say much more, but the rush hour had started and your wife returned to the job of helping to feed some of London's hungry masses.

She closed by wishing you all the best for Christmas and lots of love, thousands of kisses and a safe return. What more could a fellow wish for himself?

Jilted for a "Lobster"

Concluding "MATED"
By W. W. JACOBS

FROM this incident a coolness sprang up between the skipper and the girl, which increased hourly. At times the skipper weakened, but the watchful mate was always on hand to prevent mischief. Owing to his fostering care Evans was generally busy, and always gruff; and Miss Cooper, who was used to the most assiduous attentions from him, knew not whether to be most bewildered or most indignant. Four times in one day did he remark in her hearing that a sailor's ship was his sweetheart, while his treatment of his small prospective brother-in-law, when he expostulated with him on the state of his wardrobe, filled that hitherto pampered youth with amazement. At last, on the fourth night out, as the little schooner was passing the coast of Cornwall, the mate came up to him as he was steering, and patted him heavily on the back.

"It's all right, cap'n," said he.

manded the mate sharply.

"A girl like that," said the skipper, "with a lump in his throat, who can carry on with two men at once ain't worth having. She's not my money, that's all."

The mate looked at him in honest bewilderment.

"Mark my words," continued the skipper, "you'll live to regret it. A girl like that's got no ballast. She'll always be running after fresh neckties."

"You put it down to the necktie, do you?" sneered the mate wrathfully.

"That and the clothes, cert'nly," replied the skipper.

"Well, you're wrong," said the mate. "A lot you know about girls. It wasn't your old clothes, and it wasn't all your bad behaviour to her since she's been aboard. You may as well know first as last. She wouldn't have nothing to do with me at first, so I told her all about Mary Jones."

"You told her that?" cried the skipper fiercely.

"I did," replied the other. "She was pretty wild at first; but then the comic side of it struck her—you wearing them old clothes, and going about as you did. She used to watch you until she couldn't stand it any longer, and then go down in the cabin and laugh. Wonderful spirits that girl's got. Hush! here she is!"

As he spoke the girl came on deck, and, seeing the two men talking together, remained at a short distance from them.

"It's all right, Jane," said the mate; "I've told him."

"Oh!" said Miss Cooper, with a little gasp.

"I can't bear deceit," said the mate; "and now it's off his

mind, he's so happy he can't bear himself."

The latter part of this assertion seemed to be more warranted by facts than the former, but Evans found enjoyment in the quiet little playful slaps and pushes, which he beauty of the night, but the which incensed him beyond des- intended as a sign of unbearable skipper was too interested in the joy, and, relinquishing the wheel behaviour of the young couple at



"Do you know, I haven't seen an ostrich fan for years!"

to the mate, walked forward. the wheel to give it a thought. The clear sky was thick with stars, Immersed in each other, they for- seemed to be more warranted by and a mind at ease might have got him entirely, and exchanged facts than the former, but Evans found enjoyment in the quiet little playful slaps and pushes, made a choking noise, which he beauty of the night, but the which incensed him beyond des- intended as a sign of unbearable skipper was too interested in the joy, and, relinquishing the wheel behaviour of the young couple at on the point of exercising his position as commander and ordering the mate below, but in the circumstances interference was im- possible, and, with a low-voiced good-night, he went below. Here his gaze fell on William Henry, who was slumbering peacefully, and, with a hazy idea of the eternal fitness of things, he raised the youth in his arms, and, despite his sleepy protests, deposited him in the mate's bunk. Then, with head and heart both aching, he retired for the night.

There was a little embarrassment next day, but it soon passed off, and the three adult inmates of the cabin got on quite easy terms with each other. The most worried person aft was the boy, who had not been taken into their confidence, and whose face, when his sister sat with the mate's arm around her waist, presented to the skipper a perfect study in emotions.

"I feel quite curious to see this Miss Jones," said Miss Cooper amiably, as they sat at dinner. "She'll be on the quay, waving her handkerchief to him," said the mate. "We'll be in to-morrow afternoon, and then you'll see her."

As it happened, the mate was a few hours out in his reckoning, for by the time the *Falcon's* bows were laid for the small harbour it was quite dark, and the little schooner glided in, guided by the two lights which marked the entrance. The quay (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A stetson is a son who has been disowned by his parents and then accepted back into the family, a kind of hat, a duplicating machine, a sharp tool?
2. If you were given a scandiscope, would you use it to: sweep the chimneys, examine signatures, see to read by?
3. Who invented the cash register, and when?
4. Why are 21 shillings called tions?
5. Who were the "Lake aren't."

Poets," and why were they so called?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Gum, Paste, Glue, Seccotine, Mucilage, Adhesive.

Answers to Quiz in No. 547

1. Fish (young sturgeon).
2. About 160 tons.
3. Calculating device invented by John Napier, made of ten oblong pieces of bone inscribed with numbers.
4. Six. English, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, Manx (Isle of Man), French (Channel Islands).
5. Carlyle's "French Revolution."
6. G is a musical note; others are not.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE B.B.C. proposes, as soon as possible after the war in Europe, to provide a choice of three programmes designed for home listeners alone.

The General Forces programme would go off the medium wave. The B.B.C. would continue to serve the Forces in the Far East, but on short wave only.

These plans to give the home listener "not only something better, but something much better," were announced by Mr. W. J. Haley, B.B.C. Director-General.

"In as few months after the defeat of Germany as man-power and other considerations will allow, the B.B.C. will inaugurate two new programmes," he said.

One would largely follow the lines of the present Home Service, but would be regionalised. The other would cover the whole country on long wave.

The latter would also provide for the troops on the Continent awaiting demobilisation, but it would be a predominantly civilian programme of a light character.

The third programme — also ultimately national — which would have to wait longer, particularly until "we can get the wave-lengths back from their war-time uses," was still being planned.



IT seemed "hardly thinkable" that the news broadcast would not go on, he said. "The B.B.C.'s war correspondents will be succeeded by peace correspondents."

"It is our intention, and I believe our duty, to have the most highly trained and most qualified B.B.C. correspondents we can find in the main centres and capitals of the world."

"It is no part of the B.B.C.'s function to become another newspaper. Many of the things the Press can do the B.B.C. cannot hope to do."

"So long as I am at Broadcasting House I will use every effort and endeavour to achieve that synthesis of understanding, co-operation and accommodation which must exist between broadcasting and the Press in any properly balanced community."

Well said, Mr. Haley—but remember, it's quality that counts.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—487

1. Insert consonants in: *I*I and *O*O*O* and get two groups of islands.
2. Here are two articles of clothing whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
SEPILS — PRECARB.
3. If "material" is the "mat" of textiles, what is the mat of (a) Destroy, (b) the Family?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 486

1. CELEBES, ANDAMANS.
2. SAUSAGE—BACON.
3. (a) Comfort, (b) fortune, (c) fortitude.

JANE



"MATED"

(Continued from Page 2)

seen in the light of a few scattered lamps, looked dreary enough, and, except for two or three indistinct figures, appeared to be deserted. Beyond the broken lights of the town stood out more clearly as the schooner crept slowly over the dark water towards her berth.

"Fine night, cap'n," said the watchman, as the schooner came gently alongside the quay.

The skipper grunted assent. He was peering anxiously at the quay.

"It's too late," said the mate. "You couldn't expect her this time o' night. It's ten o'clock."

"I'll go over in the morning," said Evans, who, now that things had been adjusted, was secretly disappointed that Miss Cooper had not witnessed the meeting.

"If you're not going ashore, we might have a hand o' cards as soon's we're made fast."

The mate assenting, they went below, and were soon deep in the mysteries of three-hand cribbage.

Evans, who was a good player, After a long pause, during which surpassed himself, and had just all watched him anxiously, he won the first game, the others reached over the table and shook being nowhere, when a head hands with Evans again.

"Put it there, cap'n," said Evans, much affected by this token of esteem.

The old man rose and stood looking at him, with his hand on his shoulder; he then shook hands for the third time and patted him encouragingly on the back.

"Is anything the matter?" demanded the skipper of the Falcon as he rose to his feet, alarmed by these manifestations of feeling. "Is Mary—is she ill?"

"Worse than that," said the other—"worse'n that, my poor boy; she's married a lobster!"

The effect of this communication upon Evans was tremendous; but it may be doubted whether he was more surprised than Miss Cooper, who, utterly unversed in military terms, strove in vain to realise the possibility of such a marriage. The surprise of Evans and the mate admitted of no concealment; but it passed unnoticed as she gazed wildly below, and were soon deep in the mysteries of three-hand cribbage.

"When was it?" asked Evans, at last, in a dull voice.

"Thursday fortnight, at half past eleven," said the old man. "He's a sergeant in the line. I would have written to you, but I thought it was best to come and break it to you gently. Cheer up, my boy; there's more than one Mary Jones in the world."

With this undeniable fact, Captain Jones waved a farewell to the party and went off, leaving them to digest his news. For some time they sat still, the mate and Miss Cooper exchanging whispers, until at length, the stillness becoming oppressive, they withdrew to their respective berths, leaving the skipper sitting at the table, gazing hard at a knot in the opposite locker.

For long after their departure he sat thus, amid a deep silence, broken only by an occasional giggle from the state-room, or an idiotic sniggering from the direction of the mate's bunk, until, recalled to mundane affairs by the lamp burning itself out, he went, in befitting gloom, to bed.

THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

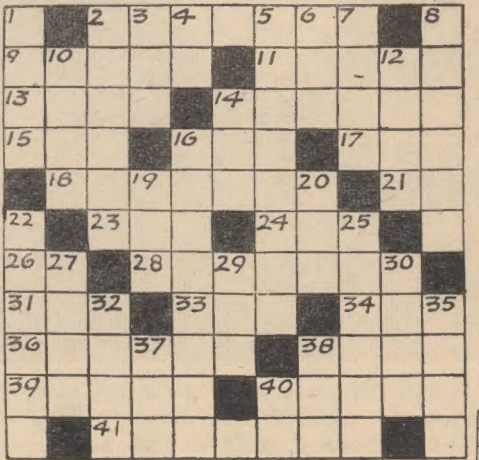
Customer (trying on suit before mirror): "Hopeless! Absolutely hopeless!"

Tailor (horrified): "What is it you don't like?"

Customer: "My profile."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



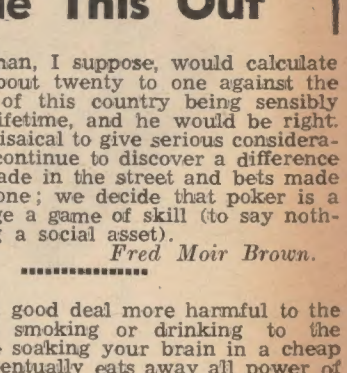
- 2 Piece of beef.
- 9 Over.
- 11 Wait.
- 13 Sly.
- 14 Adviser.
- 15 Youngster.
- 16 Seed-vessel.
- 17 Entreat.
- 18 West African Colony.
- 21 Parent.
- 23 Double.
- 24 Stock phrase.
- 26 Morning.
- 28 Suits.
- 31 Catch.
- 33 A long way.
- 34 Immediately.
- 36 Fruit.
- 38 Wind instrument.
- 39 Not cut.
- 40 Trials of strength.
- 41 Responds.

CLUES DOWN.

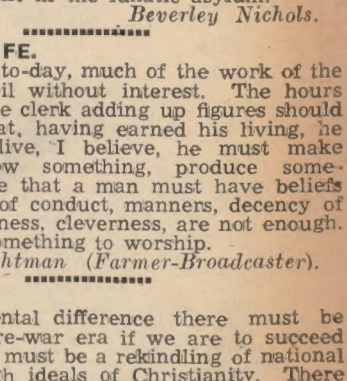
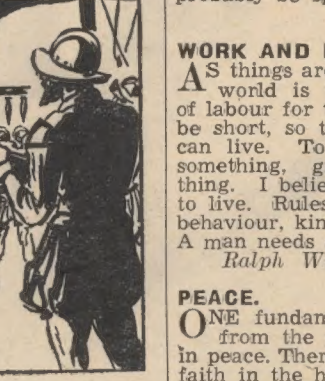
- 1 Yacht. 2 Fusible alloy. 3 Girl's name. 4 To do with. 5 Phone girl. 6 Scotch boy. 7 Fruit. 8 Corn. 10 Prejudice. 12 Liquid food. 14 Drinking vessel. 16 Avails. 19 Small lump. 20 Thrash. 22 Bone. 25 Clever one. 27 Complain. 29 Tin. 30 Plastic. 32 Size of type. 35 Direction. 37 Luminary. 38 Representing. 40 Remain.

PEP HAS LAW
ALICE TIARA
RIPON ROBIN
TEA DINES
PARCHED LED
U HOVER O
GEM NOSEBAG
LADEN SAD
BONUS BIRDS
UPSET ANGLO
NEE YET EEL

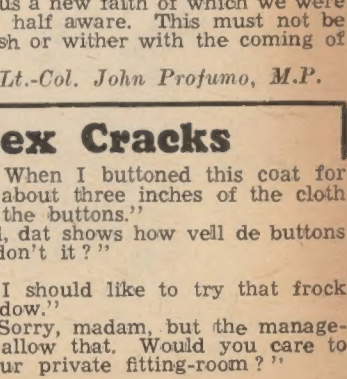
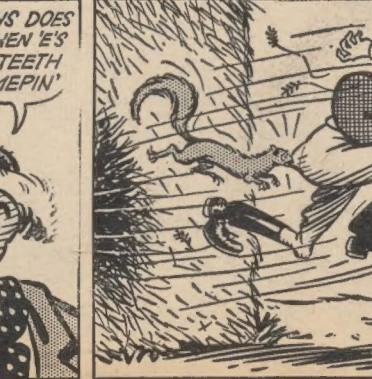
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue This Out

BETTING.

A BETTING man, I suppose, would calculate that it is about twenty to one against the gambling laws of this country being sensibly revised in his lifetime, and he would be right. We are too pharisaical to give serious consideration to it. We continue to discover a difference between bets made in the street and bets made over the telephone; we decide that poker is a crime and bridge a game of skill (to say nothing of its being a social asset).

Fred Moir Brown.

SWING.

"SWING" is a good deal more harmful to the brain than smoking or drinking to the body. It is like soaking your brain in a cheap opiate which eventually eats away all power of criticism. I dread to think of the musical old age of a youth reared on "swing." It will probably be spent in the lunatic asylum.

Beverley Nichols.

WORK AND LIFE.

AS things are to-day, much of the work of the world is toil without interest. The hours of labour for the clerk adding up figures should be short, so that, having earned his living, he can live. To live, I believe, he must make something, grow something, produce something. I believe that a man must have beliefs to live. Rules of conduct, manners, decency of behaviour, kindness, cleverness, are not enough. A man needs something to worship.

Ralph Wightman (Farmer-Broadcaster).

PEACE.

ONE fundamental difference there must be from the pre-war era if we are to succeed in peace. There must be a rekindling of national faith in the high ideals of Christianity. There is no doubt that shining through the black misery of this war has come a spiritual unity uncovering for us a new faith of which we were previously only half aware. This must not be allowed to perish or wither with the coming of peace.

Lt.-Col. John Profumo, M.P.

Alex Cracks

Customer: "When I buttoned this coat for the first time, about three inches of the cloth came off with the buttons."

Tailor: "Vell, dat shows how vell de buttons are sewn on, don't it?"

Customer: "I should like to try that frock on in the window."

Assistant: "Sorry, madam, but the management will not allow that. Would you care to try it on in our private fitting-room?"



THIS ENGLAND. The old mill at Capel, near Dorking, presents a striking silhouette against the slanting rays of the setting sun. In that hushed moment before the sun finally sinks, not even the notes of a bird can be heard.



Cut this picture out and show it to your barber when you want a shave. It's calculated to put the fellow on his mettle! Just another part of the "Good Morning" service to submariners — no need to thank us.



TURKISH DELIGHT

"Exactly why 20th Century - Fox star, Gene Tierney, should be wearing Turkish trousers escapes us. But this we will say: 'If we ever start a harem we'll dress all our wives just like this!'"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

